

A

LACY'S ACTING EDITION.



# ATALANTA.

THOMAS HAILES LACY  
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# ATLANTA

OR THE

## THREE GOLDEN APPLES

AN ORIGINAL

CLASSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA

IN

ONE ACT

BY

FRANCIS TALFOURD, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

*Abon Hassan, Ganem, Macbeth Travestie, Shylock, Alcestis  
the Strong-Minded Woman, Black-eye'd Sue, By  
Special Appointment, March of Intellect, Jones  
the Avenger, Mammon and Gammon,  
The Heart-wreck, &c.*

PART AUTHOR OF

*Sir Rupert the Fearless, La Tarantula, Leo the Terrible,  
Godiva, Thetis and Peleus, Spirits in Bond, Princesses  
in the Tower, Willow Pattern Plate, &c. &c. &c.*

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THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market),

LONDON.

# ATALANTA.

*First Performea at the Theatre Royal Haymarket,  
On Monday, April 13th, 1857.*

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## COPY OF ORIGINAL BILL.

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*After which will follow, and, it is hoped, succeed,*

*An entirely New Classical Love Story, originally suggested by Ovid,  
and more originally worked out by the Author of "Shylock,"  
"Ganem," "Alcestis," &c., under the name, or rather appellation of*

## A T A L A N T A ;

OR, THE

## THREE GOLDEN APPLES.

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Lest he should be accused of murdering a good subject,  
the Author begs to state that it was FOUN'-DED  
from unknown causes many years ago.

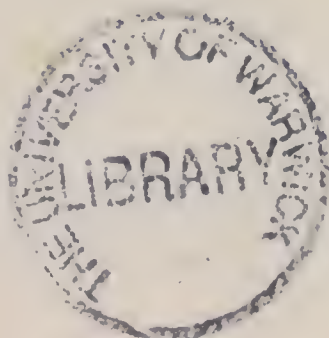
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*The First and Three Last Scenes by Mr. WILLIAM CALLCOTT.  
The Remaining New Scenery dictated by the taste, and agreeable to  
the palette of Mr. GEORGE MORRIS and Mr. O'CONNOR.  
The Overture, and Incidental Music Composed and arranged by  
Mr. SPILLANE. Costumes by Mr. BARNETT and Miss  
CHERRY. The Deus ex Machina, Mr. O. WALES. For the  
Stage Requirements of this Piece, Mr. CHIPPENDALE has  
promised to look to them straight, notwithstanding the following  
Strong Caste in his eye.*



THE  
UNIVERSITY  
OF  
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*The Gift of*  
*Miss G. F. Hall*



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Schæneus, King of Seyros, over which he exercises a rule to which there is no exception, thereby proving the rule - - - - -	MR. CHIPPENDALE
Hippomenes, Son of King Macareus and of Merope, specially retained in Court for the prosecution of his studies, which are ultimately acquitted on the ground of insanity - - - - -	MISS E. TERNAN.
Paidagogos, An usher of the old school, engaged as a Private Tutor to superintend the studies aforesaid - - - - -	MR. COMPTON.
Thraso, Major of the gallant Seyros Militia, the type of an article set up, by himself, as a slashing leader of the Times, but whose military achievements will not qualify him to be considered as an army raiser, further than that he has been found cutting away after a lathering - - - - -	MR. BRAID.
Narcissus, An exquisite specimen of the Corinthian Order, wanting only the capital - - - - -	MR. CLARK.
Cotillionides, The King's M.C. - - - - -	MR. EDWARDS.
Thimblerriggos, } Ragged Patrons of the Turf, {	MR. WEATHERSBY.
Dorlincardos, } well known by tatters all {	MR. JAMES.
Cupid, A presumed combination of "Errors," and "Arrows" (vide Passow Lex.) a god of whom so much has been written and so much experienced, that he may be said to be not only known by wrote, but also got by heart - - - - -	MISS M. WILTON.
Venus, Queen of a Kingdom, upon which the sun never sets - - - - -	MISS F. WRIGHT.
Aglaia, } The Graces—her Attendants - {	MISS S. MEDEX.
Thalia, } {	MISS TARGETT.
Euphrosyne, } {	MISS LOVELL.
Merope, The Queen-Mother of Hippomenes, who, if "her son is her only joy," may be said to have rather a dull time of it - - -	MRS. GRIFFITHS.
Atalanta, Of the Parish of Saint Uries-back, Spinster, Daughter of King Schæneus, very strong in her head, and very fast upon her legs; exercising sufficient self-will to be considered an absolute certainty, but so guileless and innocent that she may be regarded as a moral impossibility - - - - -	MISS M. OLIVER.

# iv.

## ATALANTA.

Mississarris, *Atalanta's Duenna*, the *Τρόφος* of the Ancient Drama, or, to speak colloquially, the Guard of the old Greek Stage, with, in this instance, an eye to the Males—subsequently attached to the old Coach, *Paidagogos* - - - - -

MRS. POYNTER.

Lords, Ladies, Guests, Guards, Dancing Girls, Attendants, &c.

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PLACE.—SCYROS.

TIME.—That ambiguous period known as a “Certain Age.”

## BOUDOIR OF VENUS AT PAPHOS.

Venus attired by the Graces—Panic on the Love Exchange—Bad News for *Chère*-holders—A last effort made to retain the wavering and save the credit of the firm.

### Library in the House of Merope, Scyros.

How the Pupil gets along, and how the Schoolmaster gets abroad—How an unexpected Visitor calls—How Hippomenes sings a little, and his Tutor sings small—and how Merope endeavours to hum her only Heir—and how *Paidagogos* improves by change of air—The Invitation.

## CORRIDOR IN THE ROYAL PALACE.

Report of a little Sporting event in a Belle's life—How the King draws a cross check on Child, and how he changes his note—A Discourse on the United States—How the “Resolute” gets a complete rigging therefrom—How she is also permitted to have her entire fit out, and how she is eventually brought to in the Downs, flying her own union at her *pique*—The Arrangement.

## THE ROYAL DRAWING ROOM,

*During a BAL MASQUE, in which will be introduced a  
NEW BALLET DIVERTISEMENT,*

*Invented and arranged by Mr. FRAMPTON, and supported by Miss FANNY WRIGHT, and the Ladies of the Corps de Ballet.  
Bacchus, Mr. W. DRIVER—Satyrs, Messrs. MACKAY and WEBSTER.*







How Atalanta comes out winning, and how Hippomenes goes in to win—How all beholders find themselves struck by her, and how judicious treatment allays the irritation therefrom arising, and considerably reduces the swelling of the rival candidates—How Hippomenes winds up his courage, and how the King sets it going again.

FRONT HALL IN THE PALACE.

How the course of true love meets with more than the proverbial impediments.

The King's Orchard and Kitchen Garden by Night.

WITH DISTANT VIEW OF THE NEXT DAY.

Love's Entertainment—A Volume of Rejected Addresses—Telling Allie found out when least expected—The courage of Cupid, and the pluck of the Golden Apples—How the King rouses himself from his feather bed, and his Watch from their *tick*—and how the fugitives become leavers with an escape movement.

THE HIGH ROAD NEAR SCYROS.

Plan of Action—Arrival of the Express Train down, and transformation of a Schoolmaster for a coming generation into a ped-agog for a coming race.

THE RACE COURSE.

The first heat and its result—How the old beau is fastened with a new tie.

HISTORICAL EPISODE,

Illustrating the Triumphal Passage of the proverbial STRAY DOG along the Race Course at Epsom, greeted by the

SHOUT OF ITINERANT FOOLS.

The tune is supposed to be as old as the reign of Snob the First.

THE MAIDEN STAKES—LAST HEAT,

Hippomenes, ( <i>brother to Fanny</i> )	E. TERNAN	..	1
Atalanra, ( <i>Lyceum Filly</i> )	OLIVER	..	0

Consequence of lovely woman stooping to folly—Triumph of Cupid and general adjournment to the

COURT OF COURTSHIP!

AND

HOME OF THE HEART'S SOFT WHISPERS.

# ATALANTA.



SCENE I.—*Boudoir of Venus, on the Shores of the Isle of Paphos.*

VENUS, *just emerged from the bath, is discovered at her toilet, assisted by AGLAIA, THALIA, and EUPHROSYNE, illustrating the tableau "VENUS attired by the GRACES."*  
*Opening music as the curtain rises.*

VENUS. (*coquetishly.*) How do I look, Aglaia?

AGLAIA. Never better.

VENUS. Of course you say so.

AGLAIA. Ma'am, I scorn to flatter :  
But, if you doubt me, ask Thalia.

VENUS. Sooth—

Don't ask Thalia, if you'd hear the truth.

Come, mention what defect you see, Euphrosyne.

EUPH. I wouldn't say there wasn't, if there was any  
In charms which have sustained no diminution,  
Since, from the arms of your rough wet-nurse, ocean,  
The gods reclaimed their lovely new-born daughter  
From a bed of foam, tucked up in sheets of water.  
When in a costume scantier than this dress,  
The Loves with acclamation, hailed their mistress.  
And Cyprus' sea-shore witnessed your reception,  
From that old dealer in marine stores—Neptune!

VENUS. (*coming forward.*) Why, then, o'er hearts have  
I no more control  
Than if I were that marine stores' black doll?  
Why is love disregarded in its true sense,  
As an old feeling that's, in fact, a *new-sense*?











'Twould seem as though "affections' thousand ways"  
 Had gone out with the good old coaching days.  
 Now—those who'd read must run to understand 'em.  
*Then* Cupid used to wing his shafts at random,  
 And blindly hit all circles in the target,  
 The London peeress, and the gent at Margate.  
 Now the young archer, wiser than of old,  
 Removes the bandage, and each day more bold,  
 Disdains the *petticoat* to touch the *gold*. (*sings.*)

AIR.—"Believe me, if all those endearing."

Believing I've still those enduring young charms,  
 Which have led all Olympus astray,  
 I may well be excused if I feel some alarms  
 At the incomprehensible way  
 In which men despise, who once honoured my reign,  
 And suppliant bent at my throne;  
 I'll abdicate, ere be thus slighted again,  
 And surrender my cestus and zone!

*The THREE GRACES retire, R. H. 1 E.*

*Enter CUPID, R. H. 1 E., with bow, &c.*

CUPID. (R.) Rare sport this morning, mother—wish me joy!

VENUS. (L.) No—you're a very idle, naughty boy.

CUPID. You will not say so when you've heard me out.

VENUS. You've been at some new mischief, I've no doubt—  
 P'raps driven wild some love-tormented swain,  
 Already at our mercy?

CUPID. Guess again.

VENUS. For the mere sake of teasing, turned the brain  
 Of some antique adonis?

CUPID. Guess again—

My capture's more important far than these,  
 What say you to the young Hippomenes?

VENUS. He has eluded us this long time past.

CUPID. Well, a chance shot brought him down at last.  
 The wound seemed so slight that, at first, he laughed,  
 Thinking to disengage the poisoned shaft—  
 But, though he had no fancy to receive it,  
 Found it more pain to pluck it out than leave it.

VENUS. He is a prize, indeed ; but love's a game  
 Not less than two can play at—for the flame  
 Requires a vent ; with kindred fire attaches,  
 Or lays the heart 'tis meant to warm, in ashes.

CUPID. Well, there's the Princess Atalanta—

VENUS. How ?

You're bold in your selection I'll allow !  
 The favourite pupil of that prude Diana,  
 Who, acting in a most unhandsome manner,  
 So stores her mind with racing and field sports  
 That love finds no admittance to her thoughts.  
 To single blessedness she vows her life,  
 And shudders at the very name of wife.

CUPID. Indeed ! if she escape me, I'll forgive her !

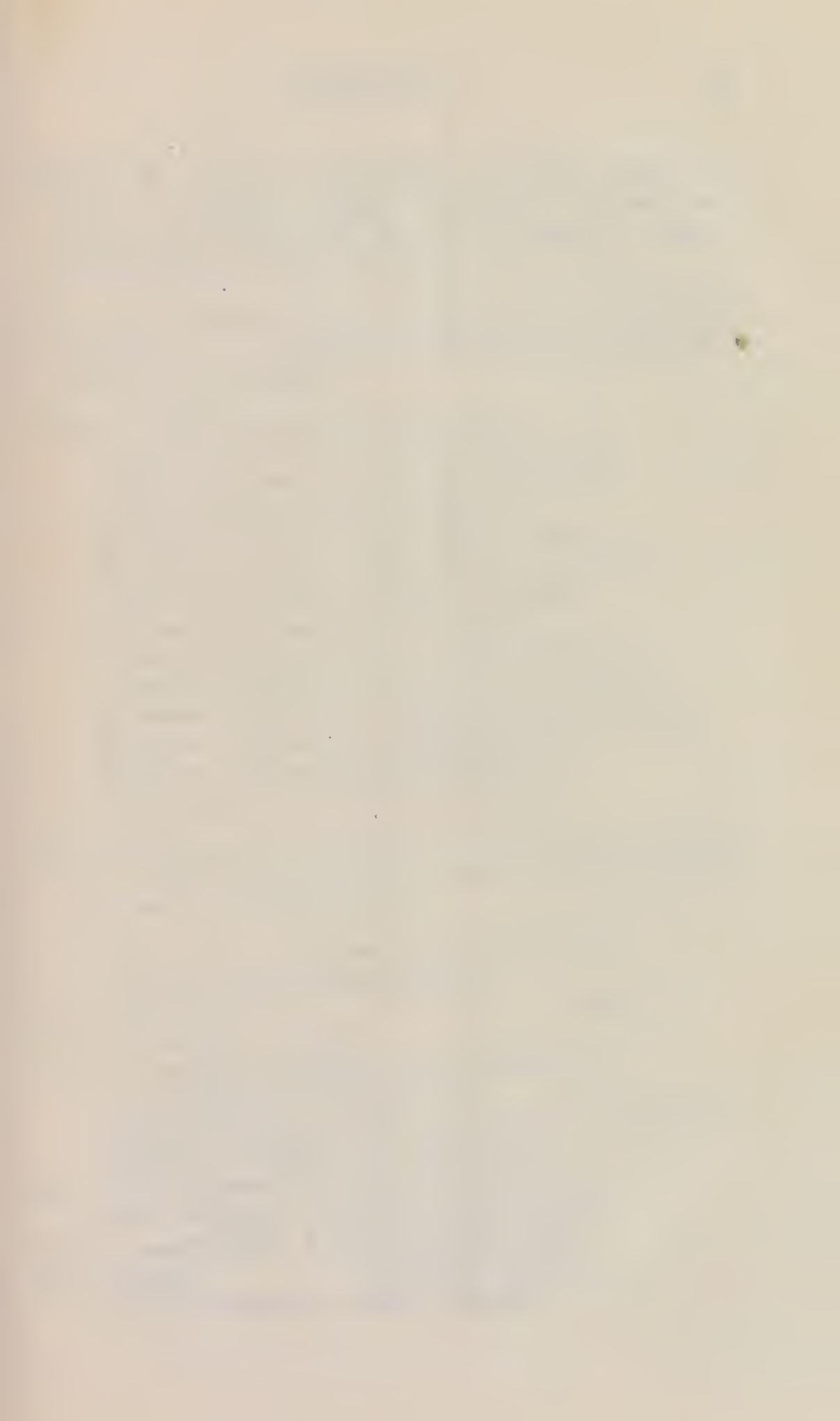
VENUS. You ?

CUPID Are the darts, then, blunted in my quiver ?  
 A whisper will this coyness overthrow,  
 And she *shall* love—whether she likes it or no !

DUET.—AIR, “Over the Sea.”

CUPID Leave her to me—fiddle-de-dee !  
 Let me a little bit whisper to she,  
 And you shall see—soon you shall see  
 Something will come of't ere long !  
 It's a match—a match—a match,  
 These birds of a feather  
 Shall soon come together,  
 As a match—a match—a match,  
 Though both hearts against love are strong !  
 So, leave her to me, &c.

VENUS. Sure it will be all over with me,  
 And Venus a theme but for laughter will be,  
 If she go free, as I foresee,  
 And love may be sold for a song !  
 Talk of starch, starch, starch,  
 She's stiffer you'll find,  
 When she's made up her mind,  
 Than starch, starch, starch,  
 So don't seek to come it too strong !  
*Repeat, and exeunt, VENUS, R. 1 E., CUPID, L. 1 E.*







SCENE II.—*Library in the House of Queen Merope at Scyros. Large bow window at the back, open, and overlooking the Island and the Sea. Sporting pictures, fencing foils, &c., adorn the room.*

PAIDAGOGOS, *the private tutor of HIPPOMENES, discovered at table, R. H., on which are school books, globes, &c., looking over an exercise.*

PAIDA. This is too bad by several degrees.

What can have come to young Hippomenes?

A few weeks since so docile and scholastic—

I ne'er had pupil more enthusiastic,

Or boy who, with a readier acquiescence,

Would leave his kite-flying to say his lessons!

Why, he was studious almost to a fault,

And took his Bonny-castle by assault;

But now his goings on are really dreadful;

I wonder of what stuff he's got his head full!

He comes home late at night, all precepts scorning,

And gets up ditto, ditto, in the morning!

He's here! before extremities I go to,

I'll try him with the *suaviter in modo*.

HIPPOMENES *enters moodily, L. H., and throws himself into a chair, C., he is absorbed in deep thought, and pays no attention to PAIDAGOGOS.*

Good morning, my dear boy, this early visit

Is quite an unexpected pleasure.

HIP. (*carelessly.*)

Is it?

How are you, old 'un?

PAIDA. (*starting—alarmed.*) Ha! I plainly see

I must adopt the *fortiter in re*!

(*to HIPPOMENES, and taking up a slate from the table.*)

I think we left off at the rule of three.

HIP. Dare say we did; and be it understood,

When we left it off we left it off for good.

PAIDA. (*astonished.*) I can't believe my ears.

HIP. (*rising.*) Then I'll repeat it—

I will no longer as a child be treated!

I'm now a man—that for the rule of three.

*(throws down and breaks slate.)*

The rule of one is one too much for me!

There's no genteel accomplishment I lack—

For scholarship—on none I'll turn my back.

I can ride, wrestle, fence—and there's not one in

The island round can tackle me at running;

So I must seek society that can

Appreciate the finished gentleman! *(crosses R. H.)*

PAIDA. The *gentleman* will soon be finished—done with,

And you'll have but the blackguard to go on with!

HIP. There's no need for your further interference.

PAIDA. Listen to one, whose sixty years experience

Have made his knowledge of the world acuter.

HIP. You *should* be more astute—you come as tutor!

PAIDA. *(offended.)* And as such I must wish you, sir,  
good bye.

*(aside.)* Had I another pupil in my eye—

*(aloud.)* Yet, listen once to reason, I implore—

HIP. I have—and don't intend to any more;

Listening and hearing nothing is a bore.

PAIDA. *(going L.)* With grief I leave you, then—

HIP. Good bye, old fellow.

PAIDA. Your royal mother, what am I to tell her?

*Exit, L. H., astounded.*

HIP. Tell her my spirit soars on eagle wings,

Beyond the eyrie of her apron strings!

*(a la Hamlet.)* I have, of late, but wherefore,  
know not,

My customary exercise forgot!

Have bid adieu to all my wonted mirth,

And see no fun in this good frame, the earth—

The air—that glorious canopy upraised,

*(Which really canno' be too highly praised.)*

This splendid roof, fretted with golden fire,

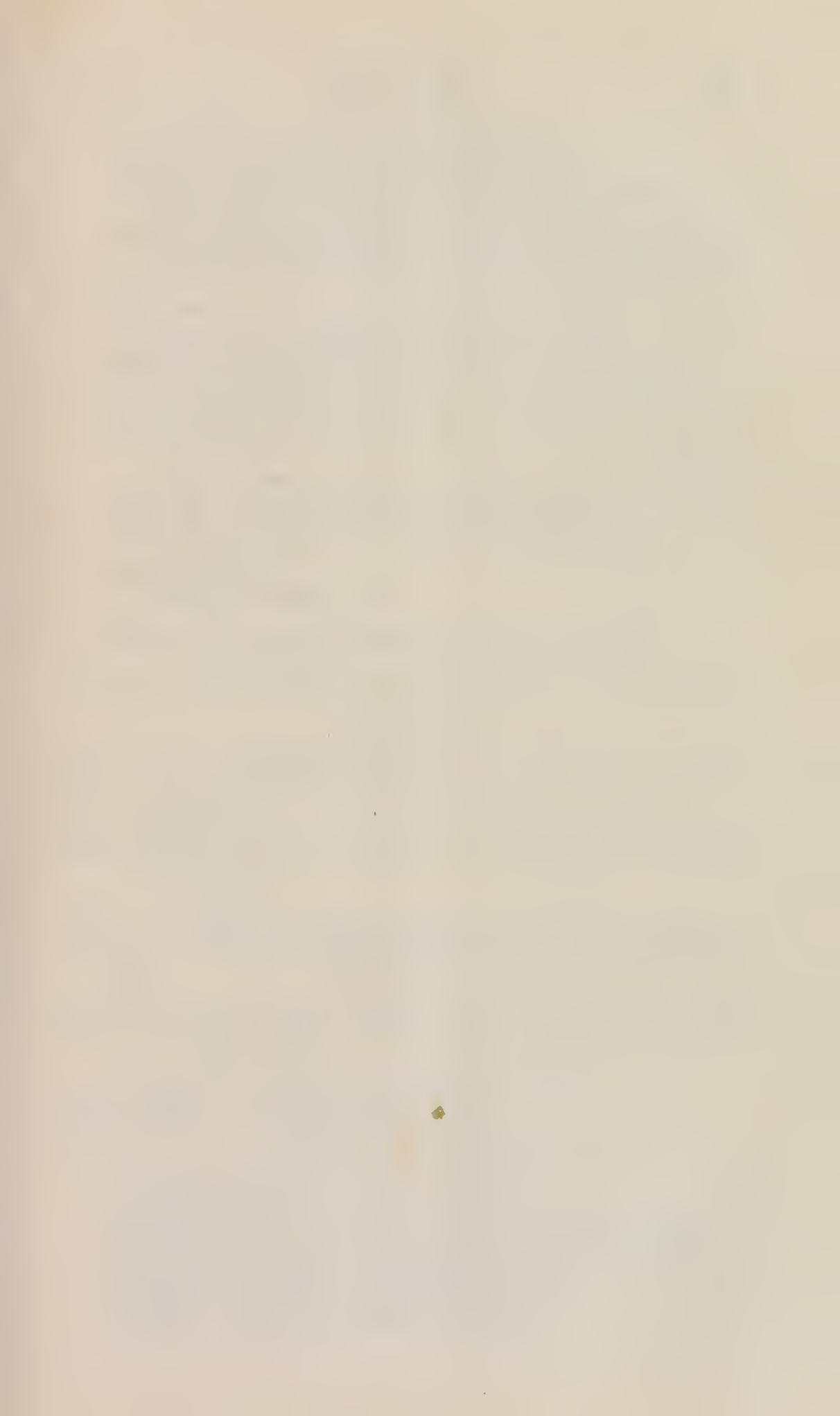
I cannot, somehow, as I used, admire! *(sings.)*

AIR,—“Pull away Chcerily.” *(RUSSELL.)*

Heavily, drcarily, slowly and wearily,

Passes a life once so happy—but now

I live on in listlessness—slumber in restlessness,





Feeling I cannot exactly tell how !  
 Homer invited me—Livy delighted me,  
 Home and home joys were my favourite theme,  
 Such was I yesterday—who could have guessed to-day  
 A change would come over the spirit of my dream.

Less than a week ago I would a seeker go  
 Tracking the wild boar in emulous chase.  
 Now, as before to me, the chase is a bore to me,  
 But the spelling is altered, which alters the case !  
 Who knew a horse so well ? who ran a course so  
 well ?  
 Who steered a chariot so clear through the throng ?  
 Who such a favourite as I made way for it  
 To the goal like a meteor whirling along !  
 Now—alas !  
 Heavily, drearily, &c.

How could such a strange revolution happen ?

CUPID *starts up through an arm chair, R. H., and comes  
 down, R. C.*

CUPID. (R.) You want to know ?

HIP. (L., *seeing* CUPID.) Who let that little chap in ?

CUPID. *You did.*

HIP. Who ! I ? that's good ! You'd best be starting  
 hence !

CUPID. I shan't.

HIP. Indeed ? we'll see that, young impertinence.

(*dodges L. and R. of table and endeavours to lay hold of  
 him.*)

CUPID. (*eluding him.*) Come, now, don't try it on—the  
 effort's vain ;

I'm easier let in than turned out again !

HIP. Pooh ! a weak child like you !

CUPID. Now, there you're wrong—

I may be *little*, but I'm very *strong*.

I *must* be small to enter where I do ;

There's not a crevice that I can't creep through.

I must be *strong*, for I've been sometimes known

To break a prison and upset a throne ;

Besides, with the occasion I expand,



There have been times when men have thought me  
grand;

So liberal and careless of mere pelf alone,  
I'm smallest when devoted to myself alone.

In short, I'm Love, and here to visit you.

HIP. (*alarmed.*) I'm very glad to see you! how d'ye do—  
I didn't know—

CUPID. You will before we part!

Love's easy known when once he's *got by heart*!

Your hand. (*they shake hands—HIPPOMENES starts.*  
(*Music.*—"Still so gently o'er me stealing."

HIP. Dear! What is this all-overish feeling  
That's still so gently o'er my senses stealing?

CUPID. That's me! how do you like it?

HIP. Well—at present  
I don't quite know—it doesn't seem unpleasant.  
I knew I wanted something—this must be it.

(*Music ceases.*

What a blind idiot was I not to see it!  
To turn a dull ear to the prattling banter  
Of her who—(*pauses.*)

CUPID. Come—out with it—Atalanta.

HIP. I never said—

CUPID. No matter, though—it ain't hid.  
From me—Love's not so blind as he is painted;  
(*feeling his pulse.*) Describe the symptoms—for this  
sort of cases  
I can prescribe.

HIP. After last chariot races,  
We met. 'Twas at the opera we met.

CUPID. And you were caught at once by her *loing-nette*?

HIP. I felt the effects, but didn't know the cause,  
And was that *you*?

CUPID. Was it? Of course it was—  
And, since you've so far ventured, my advice is  
You bring the matter to a speedy crisis.  
Go boldly on.

HIP. That's very well to say,  
I'm in the dark, and cannot see the way.

CUPID. Of course! You're blind, and so are lovers all,  
Or they in love would not so often *fall*;







But keep on moving always to the right,  
And Hymen's torch shows, at the end, a light.

HIP. In this case there is wanted something more, sure,  
Than Hymen's torch; I may say that it's torture!

CUPID. Best try the torture of the question—

HIP. Friend,

Alas, you know not what you recommend.

CUPID. Come, cheer up, sure some hope the case allows?

HIP. She's cold to love as marble, and she vows  
She'll never marry!

CUPID. So do many—though  
They would not hear their enemy say so;  
What, though her heart be marble? let her frown—  
Shall Love to mortal marbles knuckle down?  
Go to work boldly, with a mind at ease,  
I've o'erleaped greater obstacles than these!

SONG, CUPID.—AIR, "I've no money."

I've known many, do you see,  
Play the prude as well as she—

Play the prude, &c.

Who think another charm to borrow  
From coyness, while the grapes are sour,  
Who—place a man once in their power—  
Would change their mind in half an hour,  
And gladly married be to-morrow!

Up, then, your resolution call—  
She's but a woman after all,

She's but a woman, &c.

And don't give way to fancied sorrow—  
There's a saying true as trite,  
Oftentimes the blackest night  
Will give way to a morning bright—  
So may it be with your to-morrow!

HIP. Here comes my mother, and old Paidagogos,  
Whose ideas are so brought into one focus  
Of Greek and Latin, you'd best off be slinking,  
Your skill would not avail on *him* I'm thinking.

CUPID. Humph! I'll administer a friendly touch,  
And see if, after that, you'll say so much!

CUPID retires, R. II.

*Re-enter PAIDAGOGOS, followed by MEROPE, L. H.*

MEROPE. (L.) He cannot be so changed.

PAID. (C.) I'm sorry for it, I  
Seem to have lost, *in toto*, my authority.

I can't think what possesses the dear youth, ma'am.

MEROPE. What do I hear?

HIP. (R.) For once you hear the truth, ma'am ;  
Once and for all, for all this classic fooling,  
The harder school of life my ardour's cooling !

MEROPE. But, think of your degree.

HIP. I do—and see.

'Tis a degree too *far-in-height* for me.

No more I care now to attain the rank which is  
Assigned to the body-snatchers of dead languages ;

I've read Homer all that I can stuff of it,

And, as for Ovid, I have had enough *of it*.

All foreign languages I think a bore,

Except love's language—that I *languish* for.

PAID. There is a line in Hesiod we read—

HIP. Then Hesiod said what *he should* not have said.

No more quotations in my ears be dinning.

MEROPE. Is the world at an end?

HIP. No, just beginning !

TRIO.—AIR, (Der Freischütz.)

PAID. Oh ! ye gods ! who has taught that boy  
Such thoughts to hold—such words to employ ?

Who could thus his young mind destroy ?

Now he flouts me, jeers me, scouts me !

He, who might be senior wrangler.

Become a silly drawing-room dangler !

Having with such care taught him all the elements

Of Greek and Latin, this to my fond hopes is a sell  
immense !

To find him to turn out a scamp thus !

Is enough to make one stamp thus !

Oh ! Fye

HIP. Best shut up, you dear old syntax—

Your advice on this point I didn't axe,





And henceforth mean to consult myself!

PAID. Good gracious! how audacious!

MEROPE. 'Tis time when you have been to college  
To think of that.

HIP. My thirst for knowledge  
Is satisfied—a bachelor's degree  
Is in a latitude too cold for me!

PAID. 'Tis terrible to hear him talking,  
All our expectations balking.  
Shocking!

MEROPE. In short, you long to go with me to court?  
(*crosses to c.*)

HIP. That of my longing is the long and short.

PAID. A childish fancy—when his youthful blood is  
Cooled down a little, we'll resume our studies;  
Boys will be boys.

HIP. No—there you're wrong again—  
Boys *won't* be boys who fancy they are men!  
(HIPPOMENES and MEROPE converse apart up, R. H.)

PAID. (*aside.*) I'd best begin to estimate my chances—  
If he cuts learning thus, in all its branches,  
And shirks the root of knowledge, I foresee  
Myself, in vulgar parlance, up a tree.  
The young idea must condescend to shoot, or  
I must resign my post as private tutor. (*crosses R.*)  
(HIPPOMENES and MEROPE come down.)

MEROPE. (L.) Since of the court then you *will* have a  
sight,  
You shall go with me.

HIP. (C.) When?

MEROPE. This very night.

King Schœneus gives a grand *Bal Masque* and rout  
To bring the Princess Atalanta out—  
This card presented at the palace wicket  
Admits the family.

HIP. Ah! *that's* the ticket,  
A card of invitation which, *sans doute*,  
Is a trump card to bring in my strong suit!  
And I shall see her! possibly may get  
Her hand as partner for a minuet!  
Oh, rapture! (*squeezes the hand of PAIDAGOGOS.*)



PAID. (R.) *Dii Majores!* Powers above!

MEROPE. I do believe the silly boy's in love!

PAID. Forbid it, Phœbus! then the lad's undone!

HIP. Of course, we all accept.

PAID. (*with dignity.*) Not *I* for one.

I've seen enough of love, and Cupid's trickery,  
And flirt no longer with the nurse Terpsichore.

Study's *my* mistress—books *my* only pleasures,

And, as for 'glaneing feet' and 'lively measures,'

Such lively measures for myself, I ne'er met as

Are daneed by six feet and are called Hexameters!

CUPID. (*down R. aside.*) Ha, say you so, old rusty?  
here's oecasion

To test the virtues of inoculation.

(CUPID comes down behind PAIDAGOGOS, unperceived,  
touches him in the hollow of the left arm, and retires—

PAIDAGOGOS starts as under a mesmeric influence, his  
whole character is completely changed from that of the  
pedantic tutor to the old beau.

HIP. Well, you can please yourself and stop away  
If you'll not go.

PAID. (*with changed manner.*) Who said I'd not go, pray?

HIP. And since your daneing days are over—

PAID. Pooh!

Who said my dancing days were over?

(*essays to dance—gets the cramp.*)

HIP. (*crosses to c.*) You!

MEROPE. And, as you don't like music, perhaps you're  
right.

PAID. I not like music! music's my delight!

Why, at a pinch, I do think I could bring myself,

Though I've not done't for thirty years, to sing  
myself!

(*tries to sing—breaks down coughing.*)

MEROPE. But, we must stay till such a rakish time,

Which at your age—

PAID. Age, ma'am? I'm in my prime!

Besides, 'tis said, the princess is to-night

To choose a husband—and, who knows? she might,

I say, she *might*.

HIP. (*laughing.*) Why, sure you don't suppose?







PAIDA. I only said, and I repeat, who knows?

She might do worse. (*affectedly, and crosses to R.*)

MEROPE *laughing.*) Well, you deserve success.

Why, I declare, 'tis nearly time to dress.

I've ordered, dear, the carriage round at nine.

*Exit L. H.*

HIP. I'll to my toilet, then.

PAIDA.

And I to mine!

*Exeunt, PAIDAGOGOS, R., HIPPOMENES, L. H.,*

SCENE III.—*Antechamber in the Palace. (1st grooves.)*

*Music.*—AIR, “Bartlemy Fair.”

*Enter KING SCHŒNEUS, preceded by three SERVANTS and followed by three SERVANTS OF THE HOUSEHOLD, who bustle about at his directions.*

KING. Now be particular—we mean to-night

To beat all former efforts out of sight.

(R. H.) Give of his hat a number to each guest,

And don't let those that go first take the best.

(L. H.) Ice the champagne that's for the supper  
wanted—

The claret, port, and sherry, get decanted,

And—since for *beer* the fashion 'tis to ask,

Tap in the corner a nine gallon cask;

Not that the people *like* it, but, it's new,

Looks knowing, and, in short, the thing to do;

E'en *ladies*, though they very nasty think it,

Follow the fashion—giggle, blush, and drink it.

Let nought be wanting to make this a gala.

(*three SERVANTS cross behind and join other three*  
SERVANTS.

Stay! don't forget the bottle of marsala

And plate of biscuits for the gentleman who

Presides, this evening, at the grand piano.

Keep order in the ball-room; should the gents

Display their customary lack of sense

In witless "rallies," turn out the unruly 'uns,  
 We can't do less than good taste did at Jullien's.  
 Don't let the greengrocer who last time waited,  
 Get, as he did last time—intoxicated.  
 In short, take every care that everything  
 Be done *en regle*, as befits a king.

(SERVANTS *disperse severally*.)

*Enter* MISSISSARIS, (*Atalanta's nurse*) L. H.

Well, nurse, what of your lady? is she dressed?  
 Mrs. (L.) Aye, my good lord, and it must be confessed  
 She ne'er looked prettier since these old arms  
 dandled her;  
 No drawing room belle is fit to hold a candle t'her.

(*a knock* L. H.

KING. (R.) That knock proclaims the first of the invited!

Mrs. For all I know, the chandelier not lighted!

(*crosses behind* KING *and exit* R. H.

KING. (*looking off*, L.) The nurse was right—she *has* a  
 charming bloom!

ATALANTA *runs in*, L. H.

ATAL. Oh, pa! such sport! Old Tomasos, our groom,  
 You know—the veriest braggart in existence  
 Thought he could beat me at the half mile distance!  
 I've heard that he was once a well-known ped.

KING. (R., *obtusely*.) A ped?

ATAL. (L.) Pedestrian, I should have said.

So having, before dressing, time to spare,  
 I volunteered to run him then and there;

The course was from the back door by the laundry  
 Twice round the kitchen garden to the pantry.

Well, we were stripped and ready in a twinkling—

KING. (*alarmed*.) Stripped? Gracious!

ATAL. Of the fancy scarce a sprinkling,  
 Had time to muster.

KING (*perplexed*.) What?

ATAL. (*patting his face*.) Your dear old dunce;

Of course the "fancy" means the "knowing ones."

KING. Oh!









ATAL. The cook we steward of the course elected,  
By whom a pretty start was soon effected.

KING. A pretty start, indeed!

ATAL. Well, off we go!

He took the lead for fifty yards or so—

I waited on his quarter—

KING. Did you, though?

Then, when his quarter's up, dear, I foresee

Your running footman waits no more on me!

ATAL. I made an effort—challenged the old chap,  
And fairly caught him in my second lap!

KING. (*indignant.*) I wish *I'd* caught him there! We'll  
put a stopper

On such proceedings! "Lap!" it's most improper.

ATAL. Then, with a final spurt at the old sycamore,  
I went in winning easy by a neck or more!

KING. Well, *now* you'll not mind making, I presume,  
A match, dear, with a still more stable groom  
To run with you the course of your existence.

ATAL. Papa, the race of man is not my distance,  
So let him keep his own—you would not tarnish  
My fame, by working me in double harness  
With some dull mule who for his life could not  
Break out of the slow conjugal jog trot!

SONG.—ATALANTA.

AIR, "I don't object." (*Fra Diavolo.*)

I do object—I do object;  
To marry, pa, I'm not inclined,  
At any rate, until I find  
A husband whom I can respect.

Pray recollect—pa, recollect  
I scarcely yet have turned eighteen,  
Am in the ways of love so green  
That your proposal, with respect  
I must reject—I must reject.

You can't expect—you can't expect.  
That I should fall in love at sight



With the first fop I meet to-night,  
 A maid should be more circumspect,  
 And I object. pa, I object.  
 Besides, the habits of my life  
 Unfit me quite to be a wife,  
 'To have so soon their freedom checked  
 I do object—I do object

KING. Yet think, my child, the time will come when I,  
 Like other good things of this world, must die—  
 Yet cannot leave you friendless and alone  
 With no successor to the vacant throne.

ATAL. Papa, why you're quite sentimental grown.

KING. You would not like, with all your boasted pace,  
 To come in, after all, last of your race.  
 And I could die with satisfaction lively,  
 (Not actually, but comparatively)  
 If you'll a contract make to start, some day  
 A royal male upon the king's highway;  
 Whom you select, I own I don't much care,  
 So that your suitor suits me *to a heir*.

ATAL. I vow I'll hate him.

KING. There you've full permission,  
 But wed you *shall*.

ATAL. Well, pa, on this condition,  
 That none in my affections finds a place  
 Who can't outrun me in a two mile race.

KING. Consider, child.

ATAL. I have, and I repeat  
 The *sole* way to my heart is through my *feet*.

KING. Agreed! My son-in-law must then, be one  
 Considerably above the average *run*.  
 I'll have the notice posted with all speed  
 In type which every one who runs may read.

DUET.—AIR, "Dusty Bob."

KING. That's a dear child! I feared she had been more  
 refractory.

Now whom you marry, love, must prove himself  
 a catch.

ATAL. I'm glad, Pa, to find the conditions are so satis-  
 factory,

Fearlessly I now await the issue of the match!







He who who beats me must have a very winning  
way with him,

Who draws on me, Pa, must a first-rate artist be,  
If he can stay, 'tis fit, I own, that I should stay with  
him,

And he shall freely have my hand who bears the  
palm from me.

*(dance off to the air repeated, R. H.)*

SCENE IV.—*The Ball-room in the Palace, during a Bal Masque. A raised dais for the king, 3 E. R. H. A PIANIST presiding at a piano Græco-English model of the Parthenon; and a GENTLEMAN performing on a Græco cornet. A dance just concluded as the scene opens, and GUESTS walking about with PARTNERS. SERVANTS hand refreshments. An M. C. busying himself about the scene.*

NARCISSUS, a fop, comes from 1 E. R. H., and MAJOR THRASO from C. down L. H. They meet in front of stage. They are masked.

THRASO. Why, sure, that's never Lord Narcissus? 'tis hard,

E'en for a conjuror to see through a vizard,  
But, e'en a mask the gentleman high-bred  
Cannot conceal. *(bows.)*

NAR. *(affectedly.)* 'Pon honour—nicely said! *(bows.)*

THRASO. *(aside.)* Conceited pop!

NAR. *(aside.)* Insufferable bore!

*(aloud.)* But, in my turn, I've heard that voice  
before—

The favourite of the ladies, Major Thraso? *(bows.)*

THRASO. There's but *one* man who can afford to say so.

*(bows.)*

NAR. 'Pon my soul, major, you are *too* polite!

*(both bow, their heads coming in contact.)*

THRASO. But how is it I meet you here to-night?

I thought you hated parties.

NAR. 'Tis a rum thing,

But, one must be *somewhere* and must do *something*,  
Besides, the princess is to night to show,  
And choose a husband—in which case, you know,  
As I observed—I'm here. (*affectedly.*)

THRASO. I see you are—

(*aside.*) Poor fool!

NAR. (*fanning himself.*) The lady won't have to look far.

THRASO. (*aside.*) That's lucky—if she's aught in *you* to  
see,

She must uncommonly short-sighted be!

NAR. But you? I thought you had eschewed ball practice  
Before you left the army?

THRASO. Hem! the fact is,  
To tell the truth, like you, I'd heard the news,  
That the princess a husband was to choose,  
And where she gives her heart, you understand,  
'Tis fit she finds one ready to her hand:  
I'm sorry we are rivals in the field.

NAR. No longer, major.

THRASO. Why?

NAR. Of course you'll yield  
To my superior pretensions.

NAR. How!

NAR. She cannot marry both, you must allow,  
And since we can't *both* have what both admire,  
It follows one must gracefully retire.

THRASO. And as *you're*, of the two, so much more  
graceful,

*You're* going will, of course, be less distasteful,

NAR. Come, I like that! My fat friend, you've been  
drinking.

THRASO. (*indignant.*) Sir!

NAR. Ah! I smell you! or you'd ne'er be thinking  
To cut *me* out.

THRASO. (*furious.*) Why not, you silly pup?

Your tailor did, before he made you up!

NAR. You take me for a fool!

THRASO. If so, depend

I take you as I find you, my good friend.

NAR. Come, no bad language, major—I'm afraid you're  
Becoming a great bear! an *ursa*, Major!





A suitor for a princess ! You'd insult her—  
The proverb bear in mind "*ne suitor ultra.*"

'Gainst me you've not the shadow of a chance !

THRASO. Humph ! we shall see !

M.C. Clear, please, for the next dance !

(*a divertissement by the CORPS DE BALLET—after which*

*Enter HIPPOMENES, and MEROPE, L. II., masked.*

MEROPE. (L.) This is the court for which, dear, you  
resigned

Good books, pure air, and a contented mind,

But you'll soon grow wiser and better—

HIP. (R.) Ah !—

Just now I feel quite *wiser worser* ma !

MEROPE. You will regret your quiet life—

HIP. I vow

I never knew what life was until now !

*Enter PAIDAGOGOS at back, he is masked and pays obsequious court to the ladies.*

MER. Here comes your tutor—hear what he will say,

To find all his good counsel thrown away ;

I warrant me, the dear old sober head,

Would give a trifle now to be in bed.

(PAIDAGOGOS, assuming a jaunty air, comes down between them.

Oh, my dear sir, my son—

PAID. (C.) What of your son, ma'am ?

MEROPE. (L.) I know how much 'twill vex you—

PAID. What's he done, ma'am ?

MEROPE. Refuses to go home !

PAID. He's in the right of it—

But *you* can go—we'll stay and make a night of it.

MEROPE. No, we must not detain you and destroy

Your night's rest which, at your age—

PAID. I'm a boy !

A youth ! The court air must have something in it

That makes a man grow younger every minute,

So fast, in fact, 'twill soon be scarcely pleasant

To find oneself so *very* juvenescent.



HIP. (R.) If you go on at this rate, some fine morn,  
You may wake up and find you're not yet born!

PAID. Where's this princeess? each moment I grow  
bolder! (*retires up, c.*)

AIP. He's grown so young, he's anxious to *be-hold-her*!

MEROPE. "There's no fool like an old fool" is most true,  
sure—

I shall believe in proverbs for the future—

In age, experience, learning where's the use?

A goose though stuffed with *sage* remains a goose!

*Exit, L. H.*

*Enter CUPID, c., he comes down, L. H.*

CUPID. (L. *unmasking.*) How are you?

HIP. (R.) Gracious! how did you get here?

CUPID. Oh Love is on the free list everywhere,  
A list which, till the great Globe Theatre's ended,  
I'm proud to say, can never be suspended:  
Besides I'm so much in request—you doubt me?  
A nice dull party you'd all be without me!

HIP. And in a mask?

CUPID. Of course I come disguised,  
I make more way the less I'm recognised;  
Many who'd shrink from me in Love's reality,  
Accept me as a friend's familiarity;  
Sometimes I borrow Pity's winning dress,  
And to their hearts they Love for Pity press,  
And sometimes—this between ourselves we state—  
Love smiles behind the frowning mask of hate!  
(*Flourish.—The M.C. announces,*

"*The KING.*" *Enter KING SCHÆNEUS, ATALANTA,*  
*MISSISSARRIS, and ATTENDANTS from R. c., all make*  
*obeisance.*

KING. A welcome, friends, to all we give it ye,  
This night's to mirth devoted, and festivity,  
We've made our minds up to be angry, very,  
With any one who is not freely merry,  
Stay—I forgot, a duty on me rests.

My guests, this is my daughter—daughter, guests.

(*KING takes his seat, ATALANTA, attended by MISSISSARRIS goes up c. to LADIES, &c., PAIDAGOGOS goes up to ATALANTA.*







THRASO. By Jove (*aside.*) there's dignity in every feature  
Worthy a son of Mars! (*goes up to ATALANTA.*)

NARCIS. (*aside.*) A pretty creature—

Indeed—if she improves on nearer view,

I'll go so far as to assert—she'll do.

HIP. (*aside*) Her beauty's on the face of night a speck  
Like a white choker round an Ethiop's neck!

CUPID. (*to HIPPOMENES.*) Well, what think you?

HIP. My heart's in such a fluster,  
The very chandeliers have lost their lustre,  
Wax lights wax dim, so much her light whacks  
theirs!

CUPID. Follow me, then. He wins who nobly dares.

(CUPID leads HIPPOMENES towards ATALANTA at back  
—they engage in conversation.)

PAID. (*aside—coming down, c.*) I feel as lover-like as on  
the day

I took my Phyllis half-price to the play,  
Of the box keeper got unjustly jealous—

Unjustly—she ran off with *some one else*.

I've half a mind—why shouldn't I? I will

Ask her as partner for the next quadrille.

(*retires towards ATALANTA; CUPID comes forward.*)

CUPID. (*aside.*) He's done for—but the trick I half  
regret;

The poor old beau to fiddlestrings will fret,

And unrequited love prove but a curse to him.

Stay—I'll warm up the heart of that old nurse to  
him.

Young hearts are as green timber much the same,

Will crackle, sputter, and resist the flame,

Make a great smoke, and flare and writhe about,

When, not unfrequently the fire goes out;

But once ignite these old hearts, dry as touchwood,

Fan them a little, and they blaze like brushwood!

(*go up for lady.*)

KING. (*to a lady.*) Madam, we challenge you to dance a  
measure—

We make it an imperial *pint*.

LADY.

With pleasure.

(PAIDAGOGOS *has, in dumb show, invited ATALANTA to dance—they come down—also* NURSE.

ATAL. I fear I am engaged; but don't feel slighted,  
My dear old nurse, I'm sure, will be delighted.

PAID. Gracious!—that is, I'm charmed!

(ATALANTA *goes to* HIPPOMENES.

(*aside.*) I feel as though

I'd at the pigeon shot, and hit the crow.

(*a dance by the* CHARACTERS; KING *and a* LADY, HIPPOMENES *and* ATALANTA, PAIDAGOGUS *and* NURSE, NARCISSUS *and a* LADY; *after which, HIPPOMENES and ATALANTA come forward; KING goes up to dais and sits, courtiers all rally round him.*

HIP. (L.) Forgive me, if, in getting to my place,  
I thought less of that figure than this face.

ATAL. (R.) Your awkwardness quite put me out.

HIP. May be,  
Because your beauty *set a light* to me.

ATAL. Sir, you must know my heart is stone battery—  
'Gainst which in vain Love draws the long-bow,  
flattery;

As from a wall of granite they rebound,  
And Cupid's shafts lie blunted on the ground.

HIP. That's not my case. In my heart, truth to tell,  
Love's sunk a *shaft* much deeper than a well.

ATAL. I like your impudence!

HIP. I'm glad you do.

I feared it might, pr'aps, have offended you.

ATAL. To hold this language, sir, to one whom chance  
Has made your partner for a single dance,  
Is really quite a slip in ball-room etiquette.

HIP. I think not of the *slip*, but of the *petticoat*.  
Pardon your partner, then—nay, be his wife,  
And thus become his *pardoner* for life.

ATAL. (*musings.*) Marriage implies a husband.

HIP. I confess it, I  
Fear it entails that hard necessity.

ATAL. I'll take the veil sooner than such a curse!

HIP. And be no better off, but *nun* the worse.





Is there no course by which you may be won?

ATAL. Only the racecourse, which, if wise, you'll shun.

HIP. You are oracular.

ATAL. Then your auriculars

Open, and you will hear the full particulars.

*Retires up, and exit c.*

(PAIDAGOGOS comes forward, R. H., he has been endeavouring to avoid the attentions of MISSISSARRIS, L., who is pursuing him.)

PAID. That dreadful woman's followed me all night;  
I've only just recovered from the *fright*.

MIS. Barbarous man! wouldst thus my love requite?  
Are my attentions odious in your sight?

PAID. Why, ma'am, the little courtesies you mention  
Are carried to a stretch beyond *a-tension*.

*(retires to R. H., MISSISSARRIS following.)*

KING. (c.) My friends, your ears a moment I implore,  
As what we're going to say you knew before,  
Without circumlocution if you please,  
We'll plunge, as classics say, *in Medias res*.  
After the usual quantity of tears,  
And struggles with a father's natural fears,  
Our daughter's hand we're ready to bestow  
On some one— *(some of the gentlemen advance.*  
*Whom as yet we don't quite know.*

So, as *she's* no decided preference got,  
Because she don't care twopence for the lot,  
We on his head a future crown will place,  
Who of her gets a-head in a foot-race;  
Of course those who've no *itching* for the match,  
Will prove it by not coming to the *scratch*.  
But somewhat to reduce the competition,  
We have annexed this trifling condition;  
The lists are open to who'er may choose it,  
And he who cannot keep a-head's to lose it!  
In short, whoever can may win and wear her,  
If not—he dies! I think we can't say fairer.  
Eh? Major Thraso.

THRASO. Really, you alarm me.

I've never run, sire, since I left the army.

NARCIS. I'll find a man to run, and post the money.

KING. No—all must enter *propria personæ*.



Why, with your name if rumour's not too bold,  
You once outran the constable, I'm told.

NARCIS. Sire, on the style of running, much depends.  
Some find it easy to run down their friends.  
And you'll confess that running up a bill,  
Is not exactly running *up* a hill.

HIP. Though the conclusion much the same we find,  
For both 'tis difficult to raise the wind.  
Since to enlist themselves the others fear,  
I, sire, for the forlorn hope volunteer.  
On me alone, then, let the task devolve!

PAID. (*aside.*) My bosom's swelling with a big resolve!  
Why shouldn't I?

KING. (*to HIPPOMENES.*) Enthusiastic stranger,  
We trust you are acquainted with the danger  
Annexed to the attempt.

HIP. For such a prize,  
Danger's *a-next* to nothing in my eyes.  
Besides, the race with novelty is rife,  
Being, in fact, the only time in life  
When, as a husband, I may beat my wife.

KING. In which, though I scarce hope you will succeed,  
There is no harm in wishing you *good speed*.

PAID. (*aside.*) Thirty years back, although I scorn to  
brag,

I ran a tie with the Corinthian stag,  
And feel I've all the vigour yet remaining. (*going.*)

MISS. Dear sir, where are you going?

PAID. Into training!

*Exit, R. H. followed by MISSISSARRIS.*

KING. So, you are fixed?

HIP. As bricks!

KING. I like your metal.

HIP. Her small running account in full I'll settle.

(KING takes out pocket handkerchief—all the COURTIERs,  
&c., during his speech, do the same, and come down.)

KING. (*dolefully.*) And, should you fall, as probably you  
will,

You'll have this glorious consolation still—  
In such a case we'll ceremony waive,  
And with our own hands on your early grave







We'll plant a daisy which, from year to year,

We'll water with a tributary tear,

In pious memory of the dear departed.

(*buries his face in his handkerchief—all the PEOPLE on stage do the same; a pause—he then removes handkerchief* (COURT *do the same,*) *and speaks gaily.*)

Therefore—cheer up.

HIP. (*dismally.*) Thank you, I'm quite light-hearted.

Your consolation's of that lively kind

That makes a man quite happy in his mind.

CUPID. (*aside to HIPPOMENES.*) Come to me presently—

I'll wait for *you*—

Be true to love, and love will pull you through.

KING. To supper, gentlemen, we can't do less

Than fill a glass to our young friend's success!

(*Flourish.*—KING, HIPPOMENES, CUPID, and COURT retire up, and are closed in.)

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SCENE V.—*Front Hall in the Palace,*

*Enter PAIDAGOGOS, L. H. muffled up for departure.*

PAID. I've left the dizzy scene of dissipation

For a few minutes calm deliberation.

To eat raw steak as easy of digestion—

To train or not to train, in short's the question;

Whether 'twere safe for a man to suffer

The harrowed feelings of a slighted lover,

Or make my mind up to go in and win her,

Restrict myself to half a pint at dinner,

Live on dry toast and tea. (I can't bear either,)

And in the morning take what's called "a breather,"

To get into the high condition needed;

For, if by running she's to be persuaded,

To alter her condition, I opine

I must considerably alter *mine*;

I know now what I ought to do, and I  
Have made my mind up 'or to do or die!'

*He is going—*

*Enter MISSISSARRIS, L. H., in quest of him—she has a pair of list over-shoes in her hand.*

MISS. (*playfully.*) So—I have caught you, truant!

PAID. (*aside, in dismay.*) Bless my heart—  
That dreadful nurse!

MISS. I fear I made you start.

PAID. 'Tis of no consequence—that is—don't name—  
(*aside.*) I wish you'd made me start before you came.

MISS. At least, sir, 'ere you go you'll not refuse  
To don a pair of my list over-shoes?

After these hot rooms, you will feel the chill.

PAID. Ma'am, you mistake, this form is agile still,  
This foot, which now th' indignity resists,  
To-morrow is to enter other lists!

MISS. In which they must be worsted—I entreat  
Let not your ears be deaf to your *def-cat*.

PAID. One bold stroke and my future lies in clover!

MISS. Those who are over bold may get bowled over!  
(PAIDAGOGOS is endeavouring to get away, she restrains him.)

PAID. Meantime, good night!

MISS. (*fondly.*) Since it has come to this,  
I must all maidenly reserve dismiss.

PAID. (*alarmed.*) By no means, ma'am! until I'm in the street—

Keep your reserve to cover my retreat.

MISS. Yet I can scarce be plainer than I am—

PAID. On that head we're of one opinion, ma'am.

MISS. Yes, the soft secret which I dare not speak,  
Is writ in Nature's language on my cheek.

(*lying her face on his shoulder, he shakes her off.*)

PAID. Well, ma'am, with blushes I'm not much acquainted—

They may be natural. (*aside.*) I thought them painted.  
(*aloud.*) But—as I said before—adieu—

(*going—she stays him.*)

MISS. Have then my heavy sighs no weight with you?











PAID. That they are heavy causes no surprise,  
Seeing that each is *one of your own sighs*.

MISS. This cruelty is bitter to be borne!

What have I done to merit this cold scorn?

I—who would die to serve you—

PAID. You're too good—  
(*aside.*) How much she'd serve me if she *only would*!

MISS. You'd look on, then, and see without remorse  
Me fall before your feet a lifeless corse?

PAID. Madam you wrong me—wrong me, I repeat,  
Sooner than see you perish at my feet  
I'll take—I'll take—a turn in the next street!

MISS. And can you leave me? (*falls into his arms.*)

PAID. It must be confessed

It don't seem easy—but I'll do my best.

*Exit, supporting her. R. H.*

SCENE VI.—Orchard attached to the Palace, enclosed within high walls; an apple tree bearing the Three Golden Pippins, c. The Palace extends L. H., with balcony and two windows practicable (as in the Garden Scene of "*Romeo and Juliet*." A board warning off trespassers, upon which is written the following in Greek characters, thus—Στηλ Τραπς 'αυδ Σπριγγ Γυνς σετ 'ηρ.

HIPPOMENES discovered on the top of a wall, with a guitar.  
*He scrambles down and falls.*

HIP. He jests at scars who ne'er in climbing hit upon  
A place with spikes and broken glass to sit upon—  
(*throws away a piece of broken glass from his dress.*  
*A light appears at window, L. H.*

But soft, a light!—where lights are there's a liver.

'Tis she! I'll try a gentle hint to give her

Upon my mandoline, though I'm afraid

I'm somewhat too hoarse for a serenade;

This night air is too musical by far,

And on my chest has struck a light catarrh. (*coughs.*)

SERENADE.—HIPPOMENES.—AIR,—“Ben Bolt.”

Though 'tis late in September, your lattice unbolt,  
 Your lattice with care fastened 'down—  
 I've not slept all the night, for you gave me a smile  
 Though I trod on the skirt of your gown!  
 'Twas very awkward, and some would, I've been told  
 In a corner their temper have shown,  
 But *you* fitted a slap, in so candid a way,  
 On my cheek, I quite liked it, I own!  
 But please to remember it's cool—then don't  
 Keep me waiting—besides, I'm wet through,  
 For a clear running brook for my path I mistook,  
 And am fast catching cold in the dew!  
 Besides, I've been sitting on spikes untold,  
 On a wall that's uncommonly high,  
 So—if you much longer an answer withhold—  
 There remains but to wish you good-bye!

(*the window opens.*)

Ah—see! the window opens—it is she  
 More fair than ever in her *robe de nuit*.  
 (ATALANTA appears on balcony above, à la Juliet; she  
 wears a dressing-gown and nightcap.)

She speaks—yet nothing says! She's not to blame,  
 Members of Parliament do much the same.  
 Her mouth rests on her hand—I'm not above  
 Wishing I were upon that hand a glove,  
 Gladly the storms of Poverty I'd weather,  
 So we might live from hand to mouth together!

ATAL. (*in soliloquy.*) Hippomenes!

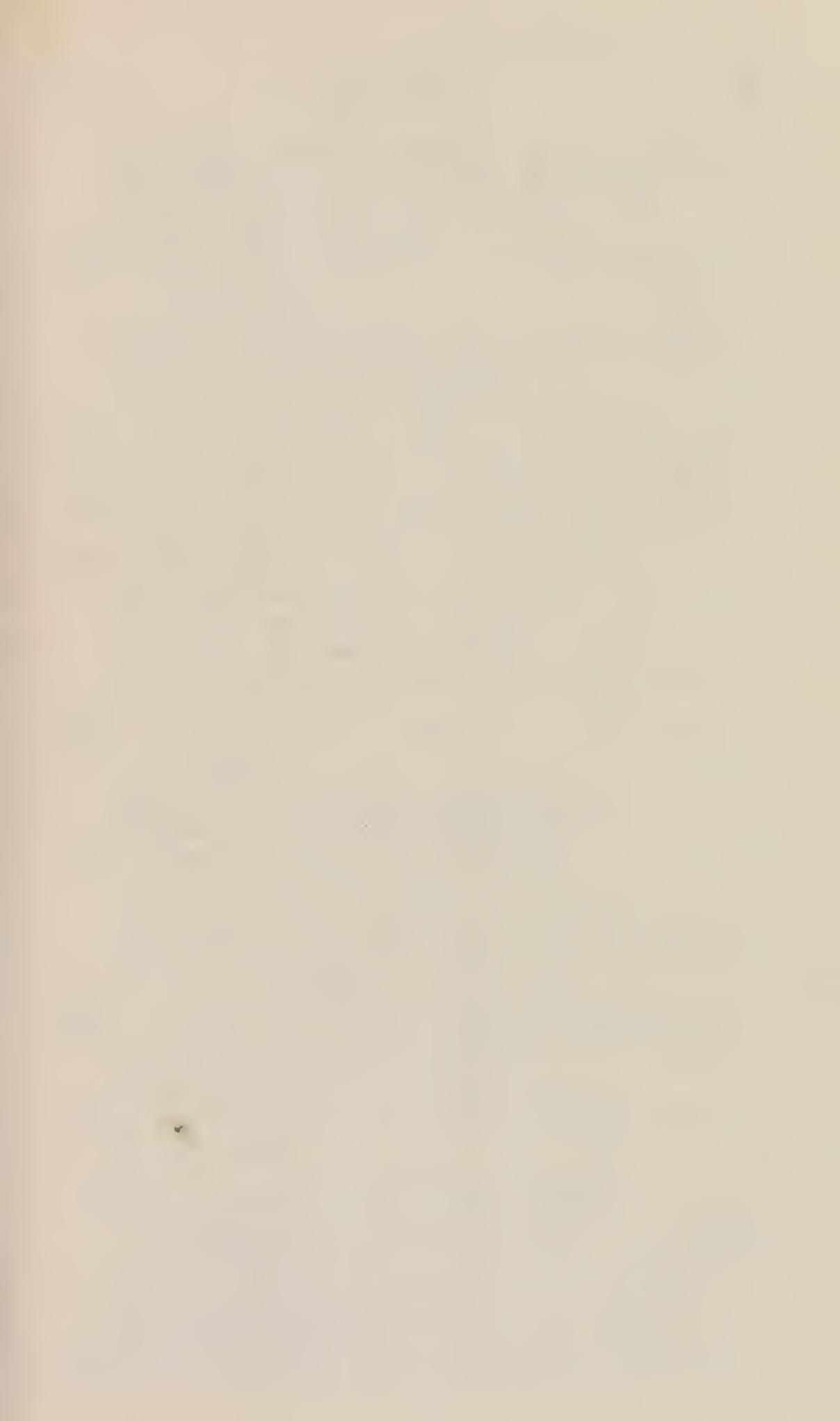
HIP. She speaks! What says my sweet?

ATAL. Hippomenes! why did we ever meet?

HIP. Music, her voice! No melody outstrips  
 The choral music of those coral lips!

ATAL. Or—if we *were* to meet, why not before  
 That fatal resolution, when I swore  
 No mortal man with marriage lines should shackle  
 me,

Who could not in a line of country tackle me?





Give up the contest—come not to the scratch,  
Or—be but sworn my love—I'll sell the match!  
And yet—my vow—no—that would never do!

HIP. (*aloud.*) Sweet Atalanta!

ATAL. (*alarmed, and tearing off her nightcap.*) Gracious!  
who are you?

A man! a stranger! leave me, I entreat of you!  
How dare you?—oh! how very indiscreet of you!  
Ar't not my rival, and Hippomenes?

HIP. Neither fair maid, if either thee displease.

ATAL. How came you here? The orchard walls are high.

HIP. With Love's light wings did I these walls o'erfly.

ATAL. Then Love's light wings must take you home again—  
They'll catch and cudgel you if you remain.

HIP. For my poor head, alas! more danger lies  
In the hot sun-strokes of those burning eyes!  
No cudgels can inflict the laceration  
Of silken lashes which 'whip all creation!'  
If *you* frown, let them come—the more the better—

ATAL. You see that board?

HIP. (*reading.*) "Steel traps and spring guns  
set here."

Hippomenes all meaner bandage mocks,  
Held fast already by those golden locks!

ATAL. However captivating in your sight,  
I can't be kept-a-vaunting here all night.  
The dawn is breaking and the stars on high  
Have played their night's engagement in the skye,  
Which is resuming its cœrulean hue—

HIP. Let me stand talking here till *all* is blue!

ATAL. 'Twould not avail, for, when all's said and done,  
I am determined to be fairly won;  
Whate'er it cost, I run upon the square—

HIP. I know you can't run otherwise than fair,  
And if I fail?

ATAL. Alas! you lose your head—  
So, now, take my advice, and go to bed.

(MISSISSARRIS is heard within, L. H., calling  
"Atalanta!")

There's nurse's voice, and I shall get a scolding—  
I'm coming, nurse!

MISSISSARRIS. (*within.*) You're letting all the cold in!



HIP. Yet, hear me swear, divinest creature !

ATAL. No, sir—

You know my fixed determination—go, sir.

HIP. One word—

ATAL. No—you've already said enough ;

Good-night—(*retires and shuts window.*)

HIP. She's gone and left me in a huff !

CUPID *starts up through a rose bush, R. H.*

CUPID. (*down R. H.*) How do you get on ?

HIP. (*seizing him à la Othello.*) How do we get back ?

You've set me on the rack !—the bottle rack !

(*winces, and throws away a piece of glass from his dress.*)

I swear 'tis better to be much abused

Than to be loved a little—and refused !

CUPID. Cheer up, and learn 'tis many a lady's fashion

To feign an anger when she feels a passion ;

Besides, I have a brilliant idea—

'Twas not for nothing that I brought you here.

You see this apple tree ?

HIP. (*sullenly.*) Precisely so,

CUPID. On its top branch three golden pippins grow.

HIP. Thank you—the useful knowledge I have gained

That apple trees bear apples !

CUPID Once obtained

They'll put your running on a surer footing.

HIP. You don't mean me to train on apple pudding ?

CUPID. That lot of apples must be yours—if not

I forsee yours will be an *apple-less* lot.

HIP. But I'm no climber—I'm quite sure to slip,

Losing the pippins by a luckless *pip*.

CUPID. Here goes then !

HIP. Can you ?

CUPID. You forget that I'm

Love—irresistible in every *clime*.

HIP. Up with you then, I'll catch them.

CUPID. (*climbing tree.*) Don't you lose them.

To-morrow I'll instruct you how to use them.

(*he has now ascended the tree.*)

Ready below there ? one—two—three—catch hold.

(*throws down apples to HIPPOMENES.*)

HIP. Go it, my pippin—why they're really gold !.







This beats the famous Thomas Tidler's ground!

CUPID. Don't make that noise! ha! what's that? I'll be bound

You've woke the house up with your senseless riot.

(KING SCHENEUS appears at an upper window, L. H. in nightcap and gown, with a light.)

KING. Those cats won't let one have a moment's quiet.

Puss, puss, poor puss—halloa! what's this I see?

(to CUPID.) You young scamp, come out of that apple-tree—

Lights there! (*disappears from window.*)

CUPID. We must escape.

HIP.

But, how to do it?

(*an opening appears in garden wall.*)

CUPID. There is an opening—quick, I'll see you through it.

(CUPID and HIPPOMENES escape through opening, general confusion and scene closes.)

SCENE VII.—*A Country Road, with distant view of the City—Early morning—a milestone, R. H., inscribed thus, "To Seyros, 1 mile."*

*Enter CUPID, running, R. H., followed by HIPPOMENES out of breath, and carrying the three golden apples in a lemon net.*

CUPID. Quick—keep it up—you mustn't think of flagging,

You will be caught and lagged if you're caught lagging.

HIP. It's very well for gentlemen with wings

To take such a contemptuous view of things;

But, running at this rate, a mile's a mile. (*panting.*)

CUPID. At any rate we may rest here awhile,

So I'll explain while I am thinking of it

How you may turn your golden fruit to profit.

You're a fair runner, but than *she* the wind

Is not more swift, and soon yourself you'll find

Who ne'er fell short before fall long behind;

So we must compensate her power of running  
 By what oft goes for power in this world—cunning.  
 When you are started and the pace gets faster,  
 Just throw one of those golden apples past her,  
 She'll stop—the bauble will attract her eyes,  
 And she could no more pass the glittering prize  
 Than if it were the last invented bonnet  
 In a Regent Street shop window—my life on it,  
 She'll stop to satisfy her curiosity,  
 While you dart onward with increased velocity.

HIP. But if she *isn't* curious?

CUPID. I'm poz on't.

She'd be a curious woman if she wasn't!  
 And when you find her coming up too close  
 You've nought to do but to repeat the dose.

HIP. (*looking off, L.*) But who's this puffing up the hill?

CUPID. Your tutor;

You know you have in him a rival suitor—  
 He's training for the match.

HIP. The old boy's mad!

CUPID. Only in love, which some say is as bad.

PAIDAGOGOS, *reduced to extreme thinness by training, enters, L. H., habited in racing costume—runs to the milestone, looks at his watch, and puts a flask to his lips—he is much out of breath.*

HIP. This calls for several acts of Habeas Corpus!

*He run a race? he's puffing like a porpoise!*

CUPID. There's nought in that—I've known inferior stuff

Owe a long run entirely *to puff*.

PAIDA. Come, that's not such bad travelling, I guess.

I've done the measured mile without distress  
 In thirteen minutes—or a second less!

(*seeing HIPPOMENES.*) Ah! my dear boy, we're friends still, I suppose?

HIP. Sir, your success will never make us foes.

PAIDA. That's right! Of course you have no hope of gaining

The princess now *I've* put myself in training?





HIP. I scarce should know you, you are so much thinner.

PAID. I'll make myself a shadow but I'll win her!

CUPID. I've heard of people whose distress or fright  
Has turned their hair grey in a single night,  
But never met before a case, I own,  
Of twenty coming down eleven stone!

PAID. E'en under the Corinthian Stag's tuition  
I never was in more tip-top condition;  
I'll shew them, when once to my work I warm,  
The schoolmaster in his own *first form*!  
And though I win her, sure you'll bear no malice,  
But come and see us, sometimes, at the palace?  
For *you* there'll always be a knife and fork.

HIP. You're very good.

PAID. (*consulting watch.*) But I've no time to talk,  
The contest is at hand—I must away—  
My soul's in arms—etcetera—good day!  
(*starts from milestone and runs off*, L. H.)

CUPID. How blind is vanity! but, as time flies  
We've none just now to spare to moralize.

HIP. You mean, as I'm to-day to act before all eyes  
Our chance to moralize all in to-morrow lies,  
That is, provided I outlive to-day!

CUPID. You shall, if my instructions you obey.

HIP. Stand by me.

CUPID. Oh! be sure, Love won't be far  
From where'er you and Atalanta are.  
Besides, you should feel quite at home, I guess,  
With my direction and your own address.

SONG.—CUPID.—AIR,—“Where the Bee Sucks.”

Where the heart beats, there lurk I—  
In the maid's soft blush I lie,  
Cradled on the tell-tale sigh;  
And though oft away I fly  
After marriage verily.

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the promise that hangs on love's vow!

*Exeunt* L. H.



SCENE VIII.—*The Race Course. Scarlet ropes extending parallel, about five feet apart, across the stage; the winning-post to the extreme R. H. Spectators crowded upon Greek chariots, with hampers, &c., painted on flats and wings. The king's chariot (practicable.) half on R., wing, containing the KING, at an al fresco luncheon, arranged as at the "Derby." A hamper on stage, labelled thus—*Εορτινὸν ἀνδ Μασον.

*The CROWD in front with THRASO, &c., making bets, &c.; THIMBLERIGGERS cheating NARCISSUS; PADDY hawking Correct Cards of the Races. Music—air, "Nora Creina." Murmur at opening.*

PADDY. Dorling's correct card of the Scyros Races!

GIPSY. I'll tell your fortunes—bless your pretty faces.

(*to THRASO and NARCISSUS.*)

THIMBLE. Now then, my noble sportsman, make your game

While the ball's rolling! Who'll the thimble name  
That hides this very obvious little pea?

NAR. Don't be absurd, my man—it's there—I sec.

THIMBLE. I'll lay a fippun' note that's not the thimble!

NAR. With one whose glance is tolerably nimble

'Tis mere child's play—your money safe—I'll win it—  
Look—it's so simple that—

(*lifts empty thimble—pays his money amidst derision.*)

THIMBLE. There's nothing in it!

(*POLICEMEN drive off THIMBLERIGGER, L. H.*)

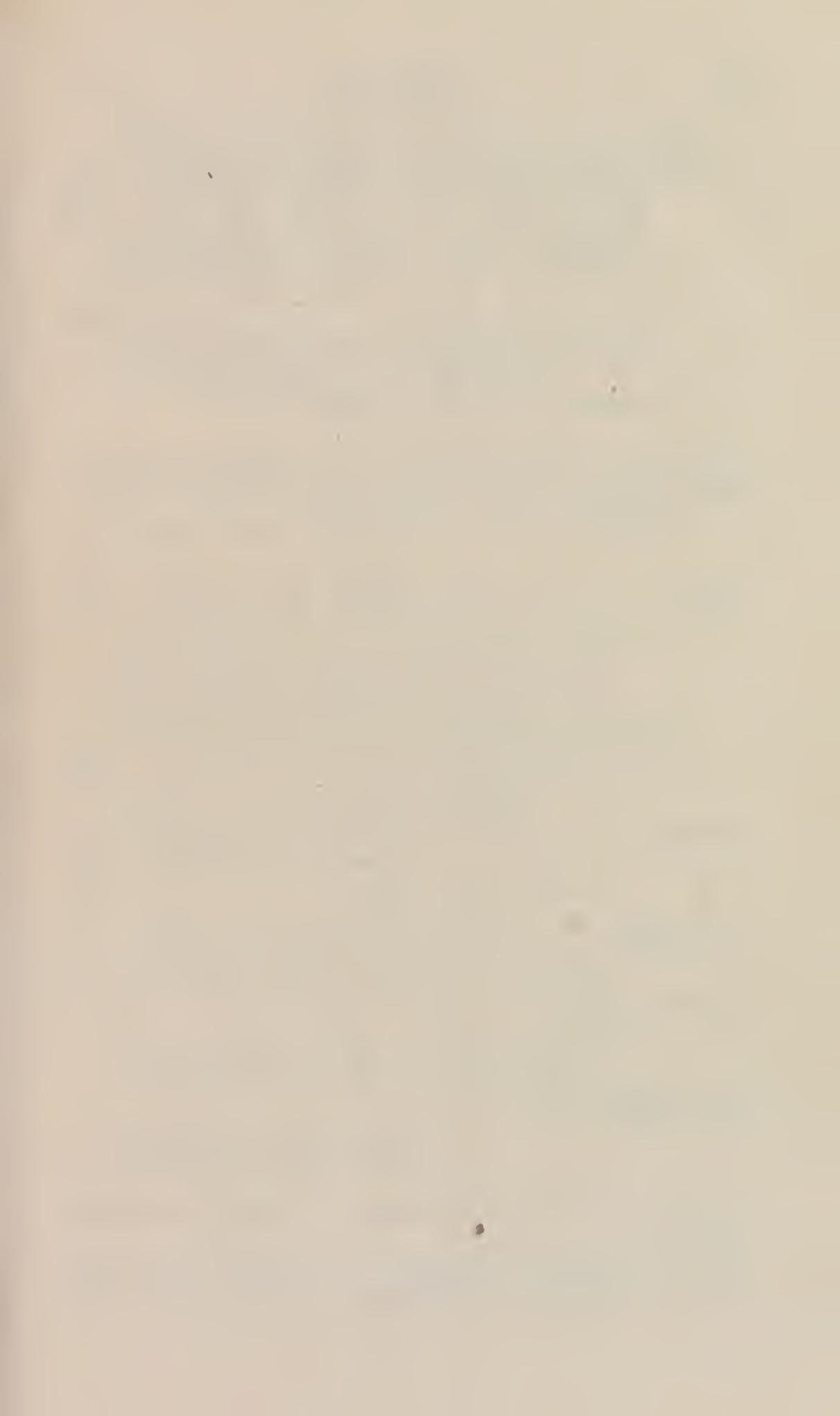
KING. (*rising in chariot, R., with an opera glass, and looking off, L.*)

Keep clear the course! our daughter's sure to win—  
She's turned the corner and is coming in!

ATALANTA *in racing costume runs in, L. H., off, R. H., and on, 1 E. R., amid cheers, and comes to the front, receiving a horse-cloth from an ATTENDANT, which she throws over her shoulders. KING descends from chariot and comes down to her.*

KING. Victorious child, you've beat him in a canter!

ATAL. Pa—sixty is no match for Atalanta,







Though, sooth to say, it isn't much to brag on, is't ?

KING. But what's become of your antique antagonist ?

ATAL. I left him somewhere out of sight behind—

KING. Of sight ? He must be also out of mind

To try his pace with you ! Why, I declare

You're fresh as ever—

ATAL. Haven't turned a hair !

I've but to change my shoes and cool my feet

To be quite ready for the final heat.

*Exit, attended by BLANKET-BEARER, 1 E. L.*

PAIDAGOGOS *limps on, L., amid the derisive cheers of the mob, as " Ah ! oh ! look at him ! " &c. ; he stoops under the ropes, and comes forward, c., much exhausted.*

KING. You're rather blown—

PAID. (*speaking with difficulty.*) How much so, I confess

Just now, sire, I can't find words to express :

For, somehow, in the middle of the race

I got a stitch which didn't mend my pace.

Though once the flower of chivalry and speed—

KING. A flower full blown, and running fast—to seed.

PAID. I started with the lead and should have won,

Had I but kept it up as I'd begun.

THRASO. Only, you let it down, sir—with a run. (*laughing.*

PAID. Exquisite humorist !

NAR. Well, I must say, sir,

It needs a sharper blade to make a *racer*. (*laughing.*)

PAID. Humorous exquisite ! pray spare your chaff,

You are too funny by just ha—ha—half !

(*shivers with cold.*

Ah ! there's a twinge ! however slow of late,

I'm catching cold now at an awful rate !

*Exit limping, R. H.*

(*a dog crosses race-course from L. to R. H. amid shouts and yells of BYSTANDERS.*)

*Enter HIPPOMENES, in racing attire, and CUPID, 1. E. R. H.*

KING. (c.) Welcome ! for conquest full equipped, I see—

HIP. I trust we've not detained your majesty.

KING. You're just in time, sir, for the second course.

CUPID. (*aside.*) A royal goose, stuffed with gold apple sauce.

KING. So you are still disposed to try your powers?

CUPID. (*aside to HIPPOMENES.*) Employ my counsel and the suit is ours.

HIP. Sire, I've accepted, and mean running—

KING. Pluck

Really deserving of a run of luck.

HIP. To take a spin with her I'd not refuse,

Although the spin results in heads I lose!

KING. Best keep your breath for when you'll want it most,

Our daughter's e'en now at the starting post,

Awaiting you. (*looking off, L. H.*)

HIP. I'm ready, sire.

KING. Farewell

Adventurous youth.

(*goes up to chariot—a bell is heard.*)

There goes the saddling bell!

*Exeunt CUPID and HIPPOMENES, L. H.*

*Enter MISSISSARRIS, R. 2 E. down, C.*

We shan't forget our promise nurse, ne'er fear.

MISS. Oh! spare my maiden blushes, sire, he's here!

(*retires up.*)

*Re-enter PAIDAGOGOS, swathed in a blanket and holding his hand to his side.*

PAID. "A stitch in time saves nine."—I wonder whether  
This saves my being sewn up altogether.

KING. (*coming down L. of PAIDAGOGOS.*) There's a small  
matter which escaped our thoughts,

In the enjoyment of the other sports—

We mean your head, sir, lodg'd with us as forfeit

To take in execution when we saw fit.

PAID. (*starting—dismayed.*) Sire—

KING. (*leading MISSISSARRIS down, C.*) On that head you  
needn't be afraid,

This tender maid here has a tender made









To take it off—

PAID.

Sire!

KING.

Take it off our hands

Together with the fixtures, as it stands,  
Of course, your good will, and a lease for life,  
In other words, vouchsafes to be your wife.

(MISSISSARRIS crosses to PAIDAGOGOS, R. C.,  
kneels and takes his hand, to his utter horror.)

So—as she's both your valuer and a-praiser,

Upraise her to your arms—

PAID. (*raising her.*)

Oh!

KING.

Now, embrace her.

(*he does so—she looks fondly at him.*)

PAID. Sire—as the lease of life of which you speak

Will probably expire about next week,

'Twill scarcely be worth while to take possession—

MISS. Oh! rapture!

PAID.

Bother!—pardon the expression.

KING. (*crosses to PAIDAGOGOS.*) Madam, you've saved  
his head—we compliment you—

And with this antique silver mug present you.

(*pats PAIDAGOGOS on the head, passes MISSISSARRIS to him, and retires to the chariot, surveying the course with his glass.*)

MISS. You can't refuse—after what I've avowed too?

PAID. Dearest, I can't. (*aside.*) Because I'm not allowed  
to—

(*aloud.*) Your flattering offer I accept with pleasure;

(*aside.*) 'Twill give me time to hang myself at leisure.

(*aloud.*) Since in the matter I'm to have no voice

Be mine—not only mine, but Hobson's choice.

*Exit with MISSISSARRIS, R. 1 E.*

(*bell rings for the race; cries of “They're off!*

White wins!—Blue for a poney!” &c.)

KING. (*looking off, L.*) They're off! and coming down at  
lightning speed!

THRASO. I thought as much—the princess with the lead.

NAR. I'll back the filly now at ten to one!

THRASO. Fifty to four on Atalanta!

CUPID.

Done!



(*during the preceding couplet, ATALANTA, closely followed by HIPPOMENES, has crossed the stage from L., and they exeunt 2 E. R., amidst the shouts of the bystanders.*)

KING. (*looking off, R.*) He's coming up, though, rapidly—  
I doubt

She's either holding in, or can't hold out.

For one in her condition that's a rum thing—

By Jove! she's stooping down to pick up something!

THRASO.—A *stoop-id* act which p'raps the race may cost!

KING. And now she picking up the ground she's lost—  
She's gaining fast!

THRASO. }

NARCIS. }

Hurrah!

KING.

Now down she drops!

NARCIS. Her pedal organ has too many stops.

THRASO. That nothing but a jockeying feint may be—

NARCIS. Jockeying by no means *jockey-lar* to me!

KING. They're hidden now behind the rising mound—

Feint or no feint, you'll find she'll soon come round.

NARCIS. My book is like to prove a losing spec.

THRASO. (*looking off, L.*) No—here they come! By Jingo!  
neck and neck!

NARCIS. If she's so high-bred she must shew it now!

KING. (*looking off, L.*) She's more like cheap bread—  
'down again,' I vow,

Picking up something which attracts her sight  
Glittering upon the course!

NARCIS.

We're sold outright.

CUPID. *You were picked up* because you were *not* bright;  
The distance lost she cannot now diminish.

KING. She's off! and makes a struggle for the finish!

NARCIS. White wins!

KING.

No—blue!

HIPPOMENES *re-enters 2 E. L., at racing speed, hotly pursued by ATALANTA, amid cheers—he breasts the handkerchief a trifle in advance, and both exeunt R. Cheers continued.*

He's beat her, I declare!

CUPID. Won cleverly, with half a length to spare!







*Re-enter HIPPOMENES and ATALANTA, R.*

THRASO. (*to NARCISSUS.*) It strikes me we've into hot water got—

And burned our fingers 'putting on the pot!'

KING. Young man, our daughter's fairly yours, though how  
You managed it, we're in the dark just now—

CUPID. She lost her match in trying to catch the spark,  
So you can't wonder if you're in the dark!

HIP. Now, to my love, my love makes no impediment?  
No—there's my hand in proof that what I said I  
meant.

I've yielded to your apple, sir, and feel,  
Against your right 'tis vain to make appeal.

You've foiled me, I confess, at my own weapons—

KING. And with a lot of apples not worth threepence!

CUPID. Your calculations there you've made a slip in,  
On nearer view, you'll find what caught her tripping,  
More of the love apple than golden pippin;  
(*crosses to ATALANTA.*) Confess, 'twas Love that  
stayed your flight—

ATAL. I see

Yours was a love-apple *to-martyr* me.

HIP. May the food ripen into food for laughter,  
So we may live love *apple-y* ever after!

*Enter MEROPE, L. H. PAIDAGOGOS and MESSISSARRIS, R.*

Ma, let me introduce you to my wife,

(*MEROPE embraces ATALANTA.*)

MEROPE. Sweet child! but it was rash to risk your life—  
They might have chopped your head off—

HIP. Mother, who

Cares for a chop with such a stake in view?

(*to PAIDAGOGOS.*) Ah, my old friend and tutor, wish  
me joy!

You, too, a happy man?

PAID. (*ruefully.*) Hem—yes, my boy!

I found I'd come in loser by a head,

But the match ended in a *tie* instead.

KING. Since matters, then, seem like to end connubially,  
To-night we'll hold a general feast and jubilee.

HIP. That's very well, but we must not forget  
How much, for this, we're all in Cupid's debt.

ATAL. With us, I hope, he'll be a constant guest.

CUPID. Well, I can't promise,—I'm in such request  
With flirts who kindle only to make light of me,  
Old married couples who have long lost sight of me,  
And maids to whom I'm yet but slightly known,  
That I can scarcely call my time my own.  
But, though I cannot stay with you, I see  
No reason why you should not go with me:  
The happy pair more firmly to unite,  
Hymen in person shall perform the rite.  
Observe—the process is extremely simple.

(waves his hand.

Welcome to Cupid's Chambers in the Temple!

(Music.—AIR, "The Wedding March."

(and change to

SCENE IX.—*Court of Courtship, and Home of the  
Heart's Soft Whispers!*

FINALE.—AIR, "The Tight little Island."

HIP. A classical line which you've all heard before

Well winds up our classical story—

Our moral is "*Omnia vincit Amor*

*Et nos cedamus Amori.*"

So to Cupid all honour and glory!

And on our attempt we implore ye

To look without cavil

Nor rudely unravel

The threads of our slightly wove story.

ATAL. Though in one sense I'm beaten, excuse my  
entreating

A favour before we've quite done, sirs;

Set by you on her legs, Atalanta now begs

You will let her enjoy a good *run*, sirs,

For her course with you is but begun, sirs,

And if she your favour has won, sirs,

She will run without stopping

So you will but drop in

And with your applause cheer her on, sirs!

CHORUS. For her course, &c.

FINIS.

















